

Eng. Poetry vol
7. 33.

T H E

Faithful Few.

K

An O D E,

Inscribed to all

Lovers of their Country.

Dignum laude Virum
Musa vetat mori———HOR.



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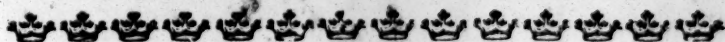
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T H E
FAITHFUL FEW.
An O D E.

I.

WHILE Pow'r triumphant bears unrival'd Sway,
Propt by the Aid of all-prevailing Gold;
While bold Corruption blasts the Face of Day,
And Men, in Herds, are offer'd to be sold;
Select, *Urania*, from the venal Throng,
The FAITHFUL FEW, to grace the deathless Song!

II.

To thee, chaste Nymph, by *Jove* and Fate, is giv'n
The sacred Charge of the Celestial Bays;
Thou raisest Heroes to their native Heav'n,
And point'st the Objects of eternal Praise.
And in thy Records, dear to future Fame,
Each SON OF LIBERTY inscribes his Name.

III.

When o'er a Nation Fraud and Guilt prevail,
And, safe, all Question and Enquiry shun;
Thine is the impartial Sword, — and thine the Scale
To weigh the Crime, and make the Actors known:
From *Britain's* Eyes the deadly Mist to cast,
And bid her waken, lest she sleep her last!

IV.

IV.

Begin, bright Goddess, the celestial Strain ;
 To lofty Notes accord the tuneful Lyre :
Almeria shall lead on the shining Train,
 Whose Looks the Love of Liberty inspire.
 Let lower Beauties fetter those who see ;
 None should behold a *Pallas*, but the Free.

V.

So when great *Juno* came near *Latium's* Land,
 Detain'd, by Fate, the Guardian Vessel stood,
 No human Force could make it touch the Strand,
 Fix'd, it remain'd, in *Tyber's* rapid Flood,
 Till one bright Vestal, (such is Virtue's Pow'r!)
 Dissolv'd the Charm, and drew the Gift on Shore.

VI.

Nor less the Chief, whom, bless'd in *Myra's* Charms,
 The sacred Love of LIBERTY inspires ;
 Whose generous Breast the same great Passion warms,
 That brightly glow'd in his Heroic Sires.
 How justly are the PATRIOT-NAMES ally'd,
 How softly pair'd, a DOUGLAS and a HYDE !

VII.

See HAMILTON, with Lustre, next appear,
 A Prince descended from a Royal Race :
 Behold his easy Mien, and graceful Air ;
 What noble Freedom triumphs in his Face ?
 Bright may his Virtues ever be confess'd,
 As the fair Star that guides his PATRIOT BREAST.

VIII.

Descended from an ancient faithful Line,
 Assume, MONTROSE, thy undisputed Place,
 Who doubts the Virtues of thy Race are thine,
 May read a Confutation in thy Face :
 Where Grandeur is with Goodness temper'd seen ;
 Soft Beams of Light, that shew the Day within.

IX.

Nor shall the Muse, great KER, thy Name conceal,
 Admir'd in Counsels, as in Arts polite ;
 Till Knowledge sink, and publick Spirit fail,
 Thy Merit shall appear in all its Light.
 Still may the *Azure* Band embrace thy Knee,
Evil to him that Evil thinks of thee.

X.

But who approaches next *Urania's* View,
 Sedate, with calm and philosophick Air ?
 Soon, TWEEDALE, must the Muse acknowledge you,
 In Youth a Sage, in Grandeur still sincere ;
 The Friend of Men. Continue, with Applause,
 The firm Asserter of your COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

XI.

Nor thou, the Pride of thy illustrious Race,
 Round whom united Virtues form a Day !
 Shall in the fair Procession want thy Place,
 Tho' Courts no longer shed their tinsel Ray.
 In *Britain's* Annals shall a ROTHES shine
 Amongst the foremost Heroes of his Line.

XII.

XII.

BUCHAN, to Truth and sacred Honour just !
 The Muse with Pride thy Title would repeat ;
 Who rather than betray a Nation's Trust,
 Unblemish'd chose with Glory to retreat ;
 Thine shall the Praise remain——when Life is done,
 And all the Sons of Slavery sleep unknown.

XIII.

(fraught,
 Mild HADDINGTON, whose Breast's with Learning
 Receive the Tribute of unpurchas'd Praise ;
 Thine is the Honour to retire unbought,
 And persevere in Virtue's sacred Ways !
 Nor less becomes the Man the Muses love,
 And all the Friends of LIBERTY approve.

XIV.

Great ABERDEEN, whose penetrating Sight
 Thro' ministerial Cobwebs well can spy ;
 Can bring the Depths of State-Deceit to light,
 The Muse unnotic'd must not pass you by :
 Tho' Britain's Senate hears your Sense no more,
 Your Country still regards you as before.

XV.

(found,
 MARCHMONT, whose Wisdom different Courts have
 Whose free-born Soul has never chang'd its State ;
 For Knowledge fam'd, and Eloquence renown'd,
 In whom the honest Statesman shines compleat !
 Accept this Homage which the Muses pay,
 And still deserve Applause the PATRIOT-Way !

XVI.

XVI.

But oh ! if Worth exalts the Pride of Blood,
 If Virtue can the Blaze of Courts outshine !
 The Muse beholds a Man both great and good ;
 The blended Wreaths, immortal STAIR, are thine !
 And like the *Spartan* Chief's Retreat of old,
 With equal Glory shall thine own be told !

XVII.

Nor thou, unblemish'd Peer ! whose steady Soul
 Corruption's bold Assaults, unmov'd, defy'd ;
 Sustain'd the Shock, collected firm and whole,
 And kept inflexible the juster Side.
 Still, ELPHINSTONE, preserve the spotless Name,
 And leave the fair Example dear to Fame !

XVIII.

These are the CHIEFS our hardy Climate breeds,
 That, deaf to Interest's or Ambition's Charms,
 Can shew, by greatly meritorious Deeds,
 How much the sacred Love of FREEDOM warms :
 Souls made like these, deserve a *Pindar's* Strain,
 Whom Crowns would tempt to Ill, but tempt in vain !

XIX.

To *These*, nor want we PATRIOT NAMES to join,
 Souls uncorrupt, tho' in a lower Sphere ;
 Who slight the Charms of either *India's* Mine,
 And make a Nation's Happiness their Care !
 While firm, oppos'd, the powerful Flood they stand,
 And risque themselves to save a sinking Land.

XX.

XX.

Such the DALRYMPLES, Father and the Son,
 Whose virtuous Minds no servile Chains can wear,
 Such ERSKINE is, who laid the *Purple* down,
 Whom *Britain's* Senate shall with Pleasure hear:
 And * HE, who now retires, with Honour crown'd,
 To the soft Cares of his Paternal Ground,

XXI.

Nor shall the Muse, DUNDAS, omit thy Name,
 Who, fearless, in the Face of Pow'r and Pride,
 Has dar'd the Rights of *Britain* to sustain,
 And join the Juster, but Unequal Side:
 In thee, the *Roman* Orator appears,
 And all his Virtues shine, without his Fears,

XXII.

Such are the Spirits firm to LIBERTY,
 That with their Influence bless our Northern Coast,
 So the bright Planets gild a wint'ry Sky,
 And shine serenest in the chilling Frost!
 Unnumber'd Stars around their Passage glow,
 And serve to cheer the darken'd World below.

XXIII.

When *Britain's* present Ague-Fit is past,
 When safe she sits amidst her subject Seas,
 THESE NAMES shall dear to future Ages last,
 And Time shall gild them with his latest Rays.
 Virtue shall triumph, over Envy's Spite:
Clouds are but Foils, to make us love the Light.

F I N I S.

* Sir James Dalrymple of Newhailes.

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